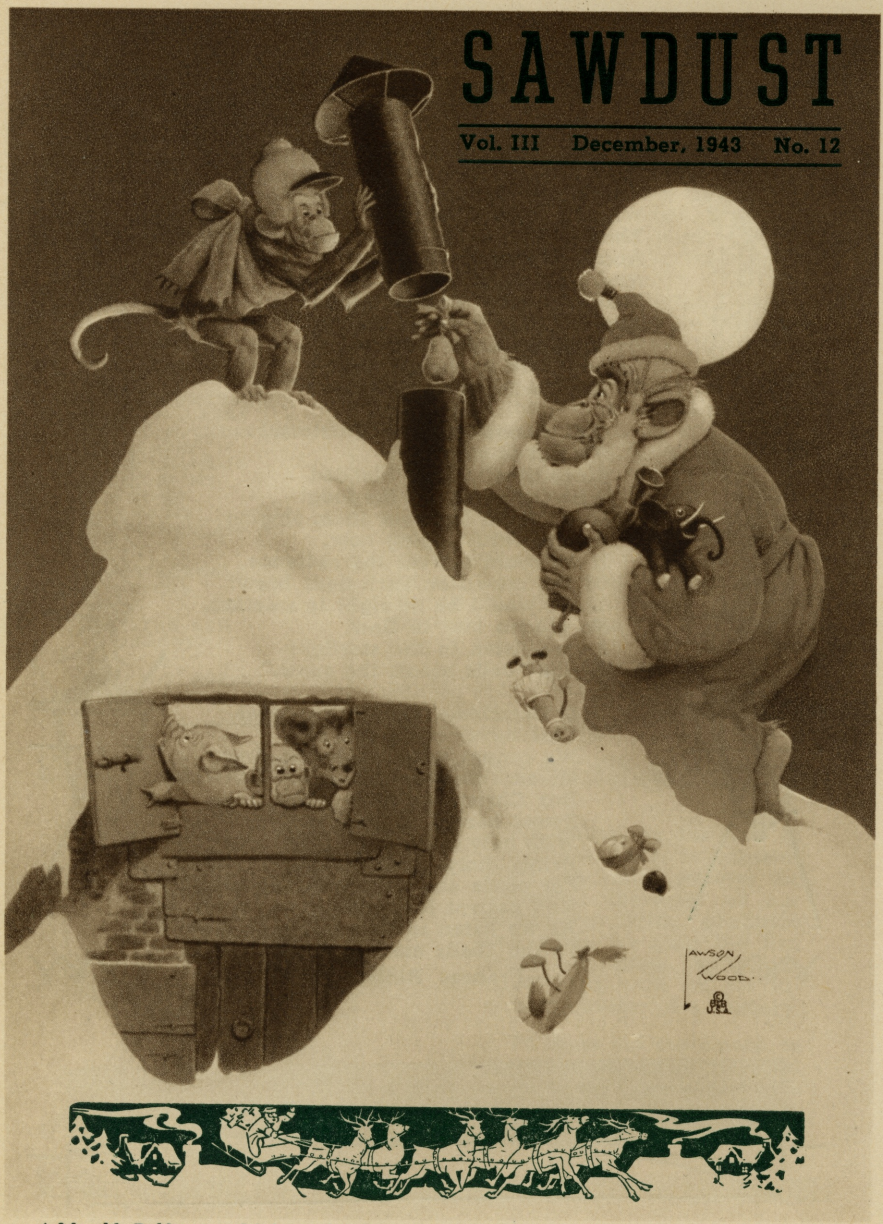
SAWDUST

Vol. III December, 1943 No. 12



A Monthly Publication Of General Interest Issued By The Lone Pine Lumber & Supply Co. For Complimentary Circulation Among Its Friends, Customers and Customers-To-Be.

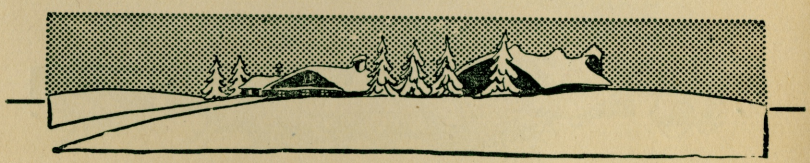
Bells Across The Snow . . .

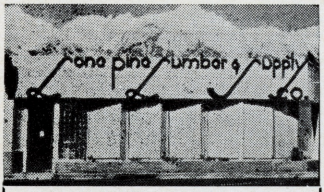
O Christmas, merry Christmas.
It is really come again,
With its memories and greetings,
With its joy and its pain?
There's a minor in the carol,
And a shadow in the light,
And a spray of cypress twining
With the holly wreath tonight.
And the hush is never broken
By laughter light and low,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
'Tis not so very long
Since other voices blended
With the carol and the song!
If we could but hear them singing
As they are singing now.
If we could but see the radiance
Of the crown on each dear brow;
There would be no sight to smother,
No hidden tear to flow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

O Christmas, merry Christmas,
This never more can be;
We cannot bring again the days
Of our unshadowed glee.
But Christmas, happy Christmas,
Sweet herald of good-will,
With holy songs of glory
Brings holy gladness still.
For peace and hope may brighten,
And patient love may glow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

—Frances Ridley Havergal.





Founded A. D. 1919
by
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dow

RUDIE HENDERSON
ERNEST F. LASKY
EDWARD HJELTNESS
GUY MARTIN
FLORENCE ADAIR
ALBERT SAINZ
L. D. OWEN
CRUZ SAINZ
O. H. HONERLAH

E. P. FITZGERALD
LEE MEYERS

JIMMY-THE-RED
MASCOT

CHALFANT PRESS
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BOOTH TARKINGTON . . .

We believe this will be Booth Tarkington's 75th Christmas.

Whether he will spend it in Maine or at his Meridian street home in Indianapolis, we do not know.

Tarkington's literature is too contemporaneous for present generations to judge. But we will guess that as a novelist he will be reverenced as the Shakespeare of our age.

Our library of Tarkington's works is complete with the exception of two unobtainable volumes. His three finest works in our amateurish opinion, and incidentally our selections are at variance with the critics, are Mirthful Haven, Presenting Lily Mars and The Turmoil. Another grand book, were it only published, would be his Saturday Evening Post serial, As I Seem to Me.

And so, not that it matters, to a grand old man who has witnessed the stage coach give place to the streamliner; the soft-beamed candle snuffed out by the electric light; tinkling sleigh bells drowned by the roar of motor horns, may it be that his twilight of life will be the threshold that envisions a better world. May God speed that day, we pray, as we send Booth Tarkington our Christmas greetings.

We pause, on the Eve of Christmas, 1943, to contemplate how much we owe the perennial character of our customers. With gratitude and pride we scan the list. Some of these customers have been with us for almost a quarter of a century.

To these old customers, to new ones, and to potential ones, every member of this organization now joins in wishing "Merry Christmas."

SENTENTIOUS ANECDOTES

Blackmail?

Aggie, bless her, just sent four editions of your erstwhile scurrilous publication. I suspect that I must not owe you any money, and that as a result, my good will is no longer worth the effort. As your ex-attorney, goat, and long suffering customer, I do not merit this cruel lack of consideration. What if I were to strike up a correspondence with Louise? You would be undone, my friend. I might write of the time you quenched your thirst with Tom Collinses, or that you slink into that certain den of iniquity and while away many valuable hours trying to induce Benny the Israelite to commit suicide, or causing poor old Julius an occasional apoplectic fit.—R. D. Loundagin EM 1/c USS, YMS, 126.

Forthrightness

I do know that like the Americans of German descent, the overwhelming majority of Americans of Japanese origin are wholly loyal to the United States . . . It does not make for loyalty to be constantly under suspicion when grounds for suspicion are absent. I have too great a belief in the sanctity of American citizenship to want to see these Americans of Japanese descent penalized and alienated through blind prejudice. I want to see them given a square deal—Joseph C. McGrew, ex-ambassador to Japan.

Duration

Wartime Washington in a novel . . . Rather less of fiction and more of a panorama of wartime Washington than some of the novels which, like it, take a middle-aged man's feeling of inadequacy as he sees his son shoulder the responsibility of the present war, George Palmer Putnam's DURATION ($2.50) has a kaleidoscopic quality as it bustles and shifts among the thronging war workers of the Capitol City. Mr. Putnam uses the novel form as an excuse for presenting his opinions on the war and its management, on the Administration, and in a description of Washington itself.—Book-of-the-Month Club News.

Self-Appraisement

Referring to your statement regarding the O. P. A., I wish to state that since I am a member of the O. P. A., I have the highest regards for its rules and regulations.—Dorothy Clora Cragen.

Ed: And if she were not a member . . . ?

Call in Einstein

The simplest thing to do in figuring your income tax is to find yourself a moron (if you don't qualify yourself) then give him a deck of cards, a calculus book, a second-hand mah-jongg set, a crystal ball, a set of dominoes, and a bingo game, and tell him after playing them all for a while to put down his impressions on a sheet of foolscap paper which previously has been walked on by a hen with muddy feet. He's liable to come closer to the answer than you can, brother.—L. A. Times.

Back-pat

We were all very favorably impressed with your Mr. Edward Hjeltness. and feel that you are fortunate indeed in having such a pleasant and capable solicitor. —C. A. Swift, Fireman's Fund Insurance Co.

THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS . . .

'Twas the night after Christmas—when all through the house
Every soul was abed, and as still as a mouse,
Those stockings, so lately St. Nicholas' care,
Were emptied of all that was eatable there.
The darlings had duly been tucked in their beds,
With very full stomachs, and pain in their heads;
I was dozing away in my new cotton cap,
And Louise was rather far gone in a nap,
When out in the nurs'ry arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my sleep, crying "What is the matter?"
I rushed to each bedside, still half in a doze,
Tore open the curtains, and threw down the clothes,
While the light of the taper served clearly to show
The piteous plight of those objects below.
For what to the fond father's eyes should appear,
But the little pale face of each sick little dear.
Each pet, having crammed itself full as a tick,

I knew in a moment now felt like "Old Nick."
Their pulses were rapid, their breathings the same,
What their stomachs rejected I'll mention by name:
Now turkey, now stuffing, plum-pudding—of course
Now custards, now comfits, now cranberry sauce:
Before outraged nature each went to the wall,
Aye! lollypops, flapdoodle—great things and small,
As from throes epigastric, indigestibles fly,
So figs, nuts and raisins, jam, jelly and pie:
All the horrors of surfeit thus brought to my view,
To the shame of mamma and Santa Claus too.
I turned from the sight: to my bedroom stepped back,
And brought out a vial marked "Pulv. Ipecac,"
When my Louise exclaimed (for their sufferings shocked her),
"Don't you think you had better, love, run for the doctor?"
I ran—and was scarcely back under the roof,
When I heard the sharp clatter of old Jalap's hoof;
I might say—I had hardly had time to turn 'round,
When Doc Shultz came into the room with a bound.
He was splattered with mud from his hat to his boots,
And the clothes he had on seemed the drollest of suits;
In his haste he'd put all quite awry on his back,
And he looked like John Falstaff half-fuddled with sack.
His eyes how they twinkled! Had the doctor got merry?
His cheeks looked like Port, and his breath smelt of Sherry;
He hadn't been shaved—so to baffle the breeze,
The beard on his chin served as "cheveux de frise."
But inspecting their tongues in despite of their teeth,
And drawing his watch from his waistcoat beneath,
He felt of each pulse, saying "each little belly
Must get rid of the rest of that pie-crust and jelly."
I gazed on each chubby, plump, sick little elf,
And groaned when he said it, in spite of myself;
But a wink, as he physicked dear Jimmy-the-Red,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He didn't prescribe—but went straightway to work
And dosed all the rest—gave his trousers a jerk,
And added directions while blowing his nose,
He buttoned his coat—from his chair he arose,
Then jumped in his gig—gave old Jalap a whistle,
And Jalap dashed off as if pricked by a thistle;
But the doctor exclaimed ere he drove out of sight,
"More cases like them! Henderson, good night!"

Seaman Bob Loundagin Meditates

Walter Dow would be pleased to know that at the present and in the foreseeable future his ex-attorney finds it necessary to vote Republican. However, you will understand that I don't love the poor guys, but it is becoming impossible to stomach the stupid mistakes of the Democrats. Mistakes can be tolerated, but a policy of mistakes is unforgivable.

Once upon a time I was chariable enough to excuse the New Deal as a good policy stupidly administered. It no longer merits such credulity, for it appears that the worst is, and always was, perfectly consistent with design.

There is no purpose in elaborating on New Deal politics, for you have studied the situation more thoroughly than I. However, it might not bore you too much to hear my opinions as to the purpose of the deal.

No doubt you have, as have I, been profoundly confounded by the apparent lack of purpose in some Federal activities. For instance, the hellish fuss that the Hon. Ickes made over the insignificant matter of shooting ducks in Inyo County. Not a matter to intrigue a Secretary of Interior? But no doubt similar events have occurred in many communities, and again, why?

My personal belief is that Ickes and many others are intentionally educating the individual in the art of giving up his personal liberties. From your editorial it appears clearly that you understand the plan to buy the political prerogatives of political sub-divisions, etc. However, the individual will squeal louder about deprivation of personal liberty than over the loss of an intangible right to act collectively with his neighbors, so, it becomes necessary to give him a personal education in the new order.

You have noted the fact that groups have sold out, for instance, labor, the farmers, and probably, industry. But there remains the unbridled individual—and, in particular, those nasty incorrigibles who inhabit the Western hinterlands. Mr. Ickes will take care of such problem children.

I wish the dear public could understand that a personal liberty is only gained through bloody revolution, and that once surrendered, it is gone forever. It is necessary that the public relinquish liberty voluntarily, in time of war. What is alarming is the fact that the pressure was put on years before any such necessity became apparent.

Enough of this, for you have probably detected a trace of sourness in my attitude toward my estimable fellow travelers. However, lest you think that this is a case of recovery from a serious mental affliction, I should like to add that I haven't found any cause to question my contempt for the dear old Republicans. Their political machine still is as stupid as ever. They still shy away from anyone who displays any evidence of virility.

All the evidence points to Dewey as the choice for the Republican nomination. What has he got? In going over his career I find that he is a good singer of policies; he was an old D. A. and is governor of N. Y. Only a clairvoyant could know what he thinks, if he does! In fact, he appeals to me none at all, but notwithstanding that, I will vote for him.

STRICTLY PERSONAL

Last October 19th I strolled out of the Biltmore Hotel about 9:30 p.m. My footsteps took me leisurely across Pershing Square to Fifth & Hill. Jostling the after-theater crowds on the narrow sidewalk and crossing Broadway, I paused at that corner, wistfully. There was my favorite newsie "spot" 20 years ago.

20 years ago I made much ado in my letters to the folks back home on the banks of the Wabash of the great honor I had accorded the Federal Reserve bank in consenting to render them my services. Yes, the country boy from Posey township was making his mark in the banking world in the big city of Los Angeles! The niggardly stipend paid for my all important services was discreetly glossed over.

Fact was I encountered extreme difficulty in making both ends meet, even when restricting my per diem outlay for three meals to a dollar maximum. To eat on an average 33-1/3c per meal made it necessary to be a common sight at the Main street beaneries. As a rule the flies were not only numerous there, but exceptionally passionate.

Since 11 years of age my forte, aside from a brief flyer at selling bananas, had been peddling newspapers. "Sheets" as they are known in the jargon of the profession.

Through my adolescence and well into my high school years I peddled sheet routes, sold papers from street corners and even on trains. My affections frequently changed largely due to the promise of a few additional pennies, until my repertoire had included the Times, Star, and Post-Dispatch of old St. Louie; the Tribune, American, and Examiner of windy Chicawgo; the Star and Tribune of terrible Terry Haute, and that favorite—the Times of hometown Brazil, Indiana.

Ah, the Times! There was a sheet! In fact it still is a newspaper—but now somewhat venerable and in its dotage, but a quarter of a century ago the Times was vastly different. In those struggling, up-and-coming days it was published down on Bloody Row amid such environment as the most prosperous and oderiferous junk-yard of the town. As a mat-

COSMO TURIENCE, THE WOP COMPETITION OF SEPTEMBER 1924

ter of fact, the up-town competition of a more prim and sedate nature often sniffed at the Times and its red-light neighborhood.

As so often happens, the lusty, husky Times swallowed all competition, and it too, moved up-town and grew conservative.

But to get back to Los Angeles' Fifth & Broadway.

Although the austere Federal Reserve Bank would have sustained a marked shock had it known, their employee from Posey township took up the selling of "sheets" on the side.

I started at Seventh & Main, graduated to the Sixth & Main P. E. terminal, thence to the Rosslyn corner, and ultimately to that choice spot—Fifth & Broadway.

First, my affections went to the Examiner. But one evening, in bawling out the headlines that may or may not have been authentic, a brace of fillies strolled by, turned and looked back, giggling. In analyzing the situation it suddenly dawned that I had been shouting the Examiner as Examine-Her.

So I transferred to the Times.

The gravy-train, and the then ambition of all newsies, was the Sunday wrapped-&-ready-to-mail stand requiring a 7 a.m. to 11 p.m. stint that netted a neat $10 to $14 per sabbath.

On the night of said October 19, 1943, I accosted the Fifth & Broadway newsie of some fifty-ish-odd years, and offered him four-bits to allow me to peddle his sheets for 15 minutes. All of the "take" to be his. My reason: just for old times sake.

THE "WRAPPED-AND-READY TO MAIL" STAND

He hesitated in what might be termed a literally speechless manner. I blew my onion breath in his face to assure him I was cold sober.

Gaining his assent, I hung my coat and vest on a "No Left Turn" sign parked at the curb, jerked off my tie, cocked my hat to one side, grabbed the sheets and started bawling lustily: "Re-e-ead all about it! Pistol Packing Mamma! Pi-i-per!"

What had Pistol Packing Mamma to do with this? The screamer headlines that night were about the de Marigny trial. Sure, de Marigny was not a mamma, but what the hell? In the old days when sales and headlines were dull, we shouted about the Iowa forest fire, or the big DesMoines earthquake. You'd be surprised how many Iowa folks are from Missouri.

Pleased as if I had sold ten cars of lumber, at 15 minutes end I handed the sheets back to the now slightly pop-eyed newsie, together with the proceeds of eleven sales. Almost admiringly, he murmured that was equal to about an hour's output for him.

Wallpaper

Need we remind you the Liliputian & Epizootic R. R. is rolling out another estimated 600 miles this Christmas season? This year's road-bed and rails were laid out by Ernest Lasky, and his assistants Ed Hjeltness, Guy Martin and Cruz Sainz . . . This month's Lawson Wood cover rounds out 36 consecutive issues of monkeyshines. Watch for the new series in four colors starting next month . . . All credit to the little group of hard working men that gathered the Christmas trees and hung them on Main street's boulevard lights . . . The guy at the bar up at the R & T must have been very plastered when he quipped: When a girl finds a horse in her bathtub, she should pull out the plug" . . . Last month set an all time low in lumber receipts, one carload as against twelve for November, 1942 . . . Moving day Jim Mills had the tribe down to a sumptuous fried chicken feast consisting of two of his pet roosters. He admitted he hated killing them . . . The first dinner in the new dining room witnessed its inauguration by three Rudies. In addition to the two in the family there was Rudie Kraut of Westend with his wife and two well-mannered youngsters . . . .The trouble with most open minds is that they are open at both ends . . . If we could only make our creditors believe what a recent visitor believes when told by our secretary that Rudie Henderson was the owner and Ernest Lasky the manager. His terse response was: "Don't kid me. Walter Dow is the owner and Rudie Henderson the manager" . . . A local resident grumbled that there were enough of his wife's relatives at his Thanksgiving dinner to start a second front, and after a few drinks, they did . . . What they say about tough sergeants must be true. We've witnessed one at Manzanar jerk a cap off a bottle of beer with his teeth . . . Lone Pine and Independence residents mourn the death of Mrs. Vivian Bandhauer . . . The Hal MacCormacs have a new son . . . Our yard foreman, not so Slim Honerlah, has a great deal of ingenuity in resawing dimension and boards out of the timbers we yet have in stock. If he had the proper equipment Lone Pine would have a saw mill . . . Incidentally Gail Showalter has great knack in adapting almost anything in lumber to his requirements and getting a workmanship job out of it . . . Yes, we blush to state that the roof of our store was made from materials we sell. Anyway we finally dried out by spreading tarpaulins overhead . . . During the year 1943, the four TIME, Inc. publications will have used 14,600 fewer tons of paper than in 1942. This is equivalent to 580 carloads. How many thousand cars do they use normally? . . . The Collector of Internal Revenue has estimated that 16 million taxpayers will be entitled to refunds totaling more than 400 million dollars on their 1943 tax. Many small taxpayers are going to have to file returns even though they have not sufficient gross income to require a return, in order to obtain refunds. Example would be persons who worked only a part of the year . . . Tokio should be getting the bombing jitters. As goes Berlin, so goes Tokio—all shambles . . . Rags Rag-

land swears he saw it, according to Mrs.Arthur Twohy. It happened in a department store during the closing rush hour. The elevator was jammed and as it neared the third floor a piercing scream caused the operator to stop the car midway. All eyes were focused on a large woman in a short jacket who wore an injured expression A small boy, not yet of school age, stood directly behind her and announced: "I did it. It was in my face, so I bit it!" . . . Santa Claus has been good to us. There were Thanksgiving and Christmas turkeys from Bill Adair; another fat turkey from Ferris Booth; pheasants from Jack Barnes and B.O. Wilson; venison from Charlie Sumner; and a whopperous Christmas tree through the joint work of Bob Bryerton and Charlie Cord . . . Old time employees we were glad to see during the past month were Jesse Browne, Chuck Harned and Wyatt McKinney . . . Let Bob Loundagin improve his scribbling. We interpreted his "Em" as "En," and last issue credited him with being an Ensign. He is still an Electrician's Mate . . . Last month we changed residences. Three years ago we moved the lumber yard, and we'll take that any time to house-moving . . . Lou Owen's dog returned home after a six weeks sojourn at Manzanar. Lou shipped him back, grimly asserting: "He don't savvy English any more a-tall" . . . No laughing matter is the steady increase in the sale of our stock of washboards . . . Still, one nice thing about cotton trousers is that they don't bag at the knees—worse than anywhere else . . . Fortunately we were one of the few stores that had a carry-over of Christmas tree lights. Had, is right . . . Joel Hale grumbled to Slim Honerlah that he had been waiting on him for two years to do some carpentering at his cabin. Slim opined that he still had plenty of time. To which 97-years old Joel promptly retorted: "Yeah, only 2½ years more to go for the first hundred years" . . . And strolling off, Joel muttered: "I'm getting so old the wimmin aren't afraid of me any more" . . . Lone Pine's War Chest drive went over the top thanks to ex-citizen Walter Dow's check for $100 . . .It was a rare pleasure to attend the monstrous Lions Club district banquet at Trona and find in attendance our good friends Alfred Paulsen and H. D. Hellmers . . .We heard Tommy Pratt spring a neat one the other evening. He wagered that he could touch something with his right hand that no one else could with his right hand. Answer: touching the other guy's right elbow . . . A clever Lions luncheon program was a "boxing" match arranged by C. S. McArthur. The contestants were Art Stringer and Thurman Powell. Art had to be pulled into the ring before he would spar with Bruiser Powell. Incidentally when they stripped Art for the match he wasn't wearing underwear . . . Christmas for the youngsters is a bit tough this year. No wheel goods, mechanical toys, basketballs, footballs or anything of rubber or metal. Nothing but plastic, wood and paper products . . . They said she was born with a silver spoon in her mouth but it rather looked as if it had been a ladle.

RETROSPECTION
Lone Pine
December — 1928

High School students rebelled in being required to attend school Friday after Thanksgiving. Only ten showed up for classes . . . Bishop High wallopped Lone Pine High 39-6 in final football game of the season . . . Billie Dove and Antonio Moreno headed features at Lone Pine Hall . . . United Security Bank and Trust Company consolidated with Bank of America . . . Mrs. Margaret Ann Green, aged 83, succumbed from pneumonia . . . Harry Pugsley forfeited $75.00 bail for wife-beating . . . Miss Ella Samon and Mr. Leslie Logan were married by Judge Wm. D. Dehy . . . Tom Henderson, former Lone Pine resident, was hospitalized at Indianapolis with a broken neck . . . Christmas skating was enjoyed on the ice at Diaz Lake . . . Capt. Snell of Calif. Highway Patrol inspected Inyo County relative to need of placing highway officers in this area . . . District Attorney Jess Hession declined offer as a deputy district attorney for Los Angeles county . . . Dr. Geo. H. Sprague elected Chancellor Commander and Fred Reynolds, Vice Chancellor at annual election of Mt. Whitney Lodge, Knights of Pythias . . . A. C. Gash bought the Rainbow Service Station from J. H. Nicolaides . . . Ken Maynard, on visit, declared Lone Pine had best locations for filming western pictures of all places he had seen . . . Mark Q. Watterson and W. W. Watterson, serving terms of from one to ten years in San Quentin were indicted on five additional counts by Federal Grand Jury . . . Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dow spent Xmas holidays in Los Molinos.

GEMS OF AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE . . .

Saw your amazing "Gems of American Architecture" while visiting with some friends the other evening. If it is possible would like to possess a copy for our home.—E. F. Honan, S. F., Cal.

I am unknown to you, but I am a person of keen relish for early Americana. Your small booklet having so many gems, is a work of art, of which I shall be proud. Being a member of Los Angeles' police department should not bar me, as I am merely a humble flatfoot in search of knowledge.—Geo. P. Weber, L. A., Cal.

Will you please send me a copy of "Gems of American Architecture" for which I am enclosing 25c in stamps?—Miss Lois Snyder, Berkeley, Cal.

One of your little booklets, "Gems of American Architecture" has just come to my attention and I should like very much to receive copies for several of the Superintendents who work through this office. If you have these available, a dozen would be greatly appreciated.—Dan R. Hull, Procurement Officer ECW in State Parks, S. F., Cal.

Please give us an estimate on a single-seat Prospector's Delight as shown on the enclosed photograph. Same to be equipped with a No. 1 cob-holder, double hand-grippers, two-way swing door, one Montgomery-Sears book shelf, and one candle holder.—W. (Water) C. (Closet) Parcher, Bishop, Cal.

—SD—

Dear Teacher:

Please excuse Evelyn for she has a boil on her sit where she sets and she cannot set, she has to lay.

Mrs. _____

CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS . . .

I have just read the new censorship regulations. So here is what would be considered an okay letter.

After leaving where we were before we left for here, and not knowing we were coming here from there, we could not tell if we would arrive here or not. Nevertheless, we are here and of course, not there.

The weather here is just like it commonly is at this time of the season, but of course, quite unlike the weather where we were before we came here. After leaving by what we came by, we had a good trip.

The people here are just like they look, but don't look like they did where we were. From here to there is just as far as from there to here. I feel just as I should feel in this kind of weather here, but of course, I felt alright there for the kind of weather we had there. So there's nothing to be alarmed about.

The way we came here is just like the way everyone comes from there to here. We had to bring everything we had with us, for here we wear, what we would wear here which is not like we would wear there. The whole thing is quite a new experience here, because it's not like what it is like where we were before we left for here. Even the ground and houses where we were, before we came here are not like the ground and houses here. The time, here too, is like the time there, only different. And of course, work is work anywhere, but hard!

Seabee Raymond "Spud" Lawless.

Advertisement of the Month

Here, in a moment of quiet, taken from the work I have to do, I search for words to give You thanks.

Thanks . . . that here in the shadow of death . . . the strength is given to me to fight . . . to end the things I've seen.

The children . . . cringing and slinking away to hide. Like some beaten, broken thing . . . their eyes tense and afraid with the fear that tyranny has planted there.

The men . . . with nothing left of life but the thread of hope that freedom may come . . . some day . . . to bless their children, if not themselves.

The women . . . barefoot . . . worn . . . driven like cattle in the fields . . . desecrated . . . violated . . . but strong, because they have a vision of the coming light . . . that may shine for them.

I have known another world . . . far removed from this . . . where men are free. Where the eyes of children are shining pools of laughter . . . where the women live in decency . . . and where the blessings of Your hand have guided those who fought and dreamed and built.

We do not know when death may come . . . nor who among us will return. But there can be no turning back . . . no faltering in the task it is our will, and Yours, to do.

And for the land and people that are ours . . . for the courage that flows with freedom in our blood . . . for the strength to fight to end these things I've seen . . . thank You, God.

—The Saturday Evening Post.

Behind The Bandsaw

Husband (answering telephone): "I don't know. Call the Weather Bureau."

Pretty Young Wife: "Who was that?"

Husband: "Some sailor, I guess. He asked if the coast was clear."

—SD—

Doughboy: "What are you doing in the Hawaiian Islands?"

Native Girl: "I'm a hula hula dancer."

Doughboy (to friend): "Okey—let's pull straws for her, buddy."

—SD—

An old colored man was asked what breed of chickens he considered best. "All kinds has merits," he replied. "De w'ite ones is de easies' to find but de black ones is de easies' to hide after you gits 'em."

—SD—

Down in Florida a negro woman applied for relief during the cold spell of last winter. She reported she had four children.

She didn't remember, perhaps even know, the precise age of each, but upon being pressed she told the investigators:

"I got one lap chile, one creeper, one porch chile, and one yard-'un."

—SD—

Minister: "Really you should wait more than four months after your husband's death before marrying again."

Widow: "Yes, but you forget, Reverend, that he was paralized for eight months."

—SD—

Fan Dancer: "Doctor, I want you to vaccinate me where it won't show."

Doctor: "Okay, stick out your tongue."

Clerk: "Have you an account here?"

Lady Customer: "No, but I think I can arrange things with your manager."

Clerk (to manager): "A lady of no account to see you, sir."

—SD—

"Dear Ma: The Army's fine and I'm getting along swell. Plenty of clothes, good food and good beds—but there's only one thing, Ma, I miss the pot under the bed."

Ma answered: "That's all right, Son, you've missed it many times at home."

—SD—

"I'm a woman of few words," announced the haughty mistress to the new maid. "If I beckon with my finger, that means 'Come'."

"Suits me mum," replied the girl cheerfully, "I'm a woman of few words, too. If I shake my head, that means 'I ain't comin'."

—SD—

"My Son," said the Japanese father, "we know how many things are not true. They tell untruths who say American airplanes can fly over our Nippon. It is untrue that when they do fly over they can drop bombs. It is false when we hear that their bombs can start fires. We know this, do we not?

"But, my Son, when you hear those planes that are not there, when you see the bombs that cannot fall, when you see the flames that cannot start, forget truth and untruth and fetch the water pails and sand buckets. Otherwise we shall be living in a house that is not there."

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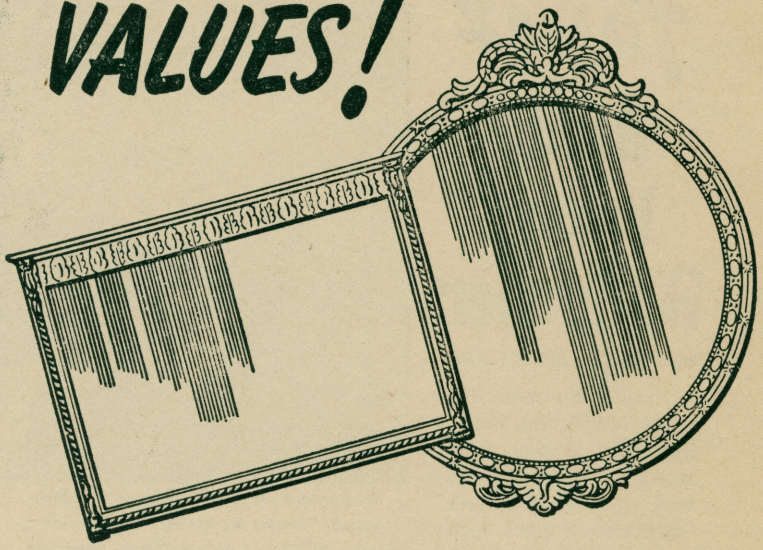

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